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## **DRAMAtical Murder re:code - Morphine Route; Part 1 Translation**

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How to get into Morphine route:

Once you've cleared all the main routes for re:code, you'll find new options available for Mizuki's conversations, but before that, you'll see a very quick scene on the title page showing 8bit Mizuki being carried away by Morphine members. Super cute.

(Which I can't find sadly ☹ )

To enter Morphine route, you can use this walkthrough below:

- ▶□□□□□□□□ [ *I thought so too.* ]
- ▶□□□□□□□□□□ [ *He sounds fine to me.* ]
- ▶□□□□□□□□ [ *Anyway, let's just move on.* ]
- ▶□□□□□□□□□□ [ *I don't know Mizuki at all.* ]

Basically, to enter Morphine's route, you need to choose options that show that Aoba knows and cares nothing of the changes Mizuki is experiencing – which eventually leads to Desire having the opportunity to take over because of the distrust he held towards others and Scrap on a whole.

The change will happen in Scrap, when Aoba suddenly experiences intense migraines and starts seeing visuals from his past (which is not in the main game).

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Something inside my head starts to crack, it's as if something is destroying me from the inside.

Destruction...

*Aoba:* □Uh!□

*Aoba:* □...What is this? Something is...□

...I'm going to be swallowed.  
I'm going to be swallowed.  
By...  
By... *myself*?  
...I'm going to be swallowed.  
Something is, how, what is happening...  
Something is...!

*Aoba*: □Uh...□

My head hurts...  
My thoughts is painted white.  
...No.  
Not knowing what is happening, I violently reject it, the strong sense of rejection fills  
me, flowing from my depth.  
If I don't restrain it, I'll be swallowed.  
By what?  
To what?  
By who?

*Aoba*: □... Ug!□

It hurts.  
White.  
I'm scared.  
I'm going to be swallowed.  
I'm going to be eaten.  
I'm going to be taken away.  
...I'm going to disappear.

*Aoba*: □S-stop... ugh!□  
*Aoba*: □No, I'm...!!□

- *Destruction* -

*Aoba*: □...ugh.□

- *Destruction* -

- *Destruction* -

- *Destruction* -

- *Destruction* -

- *Destruction* -

- *Destruction* -

- *Destruction* -

*Aoba*: ☐Ugh... Aah... ahh!!☐

- *Destruction* -

*Aoba*: ☐...Stop...!!☐

My head is going to...!!

*Aoba (Desire)*: ☐...Switch with me.☐

[Loud shrieking voice]

*Aoba*: ☐...☐

I slowly open my eyes and sit up.

Where is... this...?

What happened?

While I try to remember what happened, my head continues to hurt.

*Aoba*: ☐....ugh.☐

I can see two and three shadows in my vision. Holding my hand against my forehead, I try to soothe the pain, shaking my head slowly at the same time.

As i slowly shake my head, I can feel pain vibrating in my head.

Anyway, I need to get a grip on the situation now.

My head still hurting, I let out a small sigh, straightening myself up then slowly look around, trying to make sense of my surrounding.

*Aoba*: ☐....☐

Non-metallic walls, floor, ceiling, the bed I'm lying on.

The room looks completely stainless, as if it is reflected directly from a mirror; it possessed a sense of quiet beauty, there's no unnecessary furniture or decoration around but somehow, this whole surroundings give out a sort of pressuring vibe for some odd reason.

Why do I feel so hard to breathe even when there's literally nothing in this room?

As I look around, the memories from what had happened slowly surface from within my brain.

Why am I here?

... Oh, right.

I remember.

As if trying to grasp onto the revived memory, a smile naturally forms on my lips.

I...



*I swallowed [Aoba].*

I forced [Aoba] down from the stage that is the surface of our conscious.

Now I can move on my own will, I'm the unrestrained Aoba.

That's right.

The [Reason] who was once Aoba is now buried deep within the darkest part of our conscious.

The [Restraint] who was once Aoba... Ren still thinks that he's an AllMate, he's still synched with his AllMate conscious. He won't be able to return soon either.

That means...

I'm the only true [Aoba] at this very moment.

*Aoba:* [ ... haha. ]

*Aoba:* [ Ha, hahaha. ]

*Aoba:* [ Hahahahahahaha!! ]

That time...

The [Reason] who had always been taking control of our surface conscious scrapped Mizuki.

But he failed.

There are a few reasons to this.

First of all, that was his first time using Scrap on his own conscious.

Of course he'd be insecure for his first time. Above all, he didn't intend to use it at all, which then increased the possibility for failure greatly.

Also, the brainwashing Toue had implanted in Mizuki wasn't something that could be break off so easily.

But the one thing that was the most crucial reason for his failure was of course - *the lack of trust.*

Aoba wasn't able to trust Mizuki from the bottom of his heart.

He'd worried about him, of course. But when he saw how Mizuki was when he was taken away by Morphine...

He thought, from the bottom of his heart, that that wasn't the real Mizuki.

He couldn't convince himself that Mizuki wasn't the same as who he remembered him to be.

And that's because he never attempted to know Mizuki well enough after all. Sure, he was worried, but that's all he did - he didn't do enough for him.

He never noticed all the hidden signs Mizuki had give him, asking for help. Mizuki never talks much about himself normally. Every when he presents just a small sign of fury, he's never truly angry at anything or anyone before. But that has changed ever since Rhyme became more and more popular. Aoba never noticed that change in him, let alone trying to help him – he avoided it. Above all, after everything they had gone through to build such a great relationship with each other, he didn't know how to help him when he was placed in a crisis like this. Even when he was to ask about Rhyme, Mizuki had always been averting the topic. This, adding onto the hesitation and doubts and the first time of him using Scrap were the reasons why he'd let his guard down, opening gaps in his heart. In the end, I used that gap to my advantage... so that the restrained □Desire□could make his way out. I thought about destroying Mizuki's conscious but I didn't do that. In fact, I did nothing, and came back to this reality from Mizuki's conscious. Because I thought it'd be more interesting this way. Now □Reason□had taken over my place, sinking deep in the ocean of consciousness.

*Aoba:* □... haha.□

After checking the physical body that's now mine, I slowly open and close my palms.  
The joy of being alive.  
The proof that I am me.  
...whatever, none of those matter to me.  
What matters to me – is how I can move around to my own liking.  
No one will be able to judge me, no one can restrain me, I can do anything I like.  
As □Aoba□.

*Aoba:* □Hahaha...□

I wonder where I am now.  
I found my answer as soon as I search my memories.  
This place is...  
At that time, the door to my room slides open.

(Mizuki in his morphine parka.)

*Mizuki:* □...Yo. How do you feel, Aoba?□

The person who walks in is someone I know...  
Mizuki – person whom□Aoba□wanted to rescue.  
I lift a smile with dried lips. There are no lights in Mizuki's eyes; he looks like a puppet.  
The black mark that is Morphine's tag scarred on his throat. When he moves his head, his skin stretches, along with the tattoo.  
Seeing Mizuki like this, i...

►Think it's weird. [GE]  
►Think it doesn't look bad on him. [BE]

►Think it's weird. [GE]  
I thought it looks weird on him.  
... Why?  
I don't have an answer for myself.  
This Mizuki has all his emotions exposed now, with no restraints whatsoever. He shouldn't be possessing any qualms within him.  
Do I still feel the □Reason□within me then?  
But he's going to disappear anyhow anyway.

►Think it doesn't look bad on him. [BE]  
I think he doesn't look too bad after all.  
This Mizuki has all his emotions exposed now, with no restraints whatsoever.  
Everything is flowing out like how it should be. I think it's pretty attractive.

All the endurance, boundaries, expectations to meet, restraints in any form; I think all of those are ridiculous. It makes me want throw up.  
Every human being is born with desire in them. It's natural to possess desire.  
What's wrong with exposing one's desire, then?  
The only reason why one would think that it's inappropriate to show their desire is all thanks to rules that are decided by someone else.  
The balance of the society would be corrupted if everyone acts based on their desires.  
That's why people with deep desires themselves created this rule, so that they could override everything else.  
But, all of these has got nothing to do with me. I don't understand the meaning behind why someone would forbid something as natural as desire. And I don't intend to understand why either.  
Because I am the personification of human being's desire after all.  
□Aoba□ wanted to return Mizuki to who he once was but I want the Mizuki as how he is now. He's fine as who he is now.

*Mizuki:* □What is it? Are you still sleepy?□

Mizuki wears a thin smile, then walks closer to the bed.  
I look at him with an impassive expression, then lift the corners of my lips, a gesture that implies a welcome.  
I mirror the same smile as the one he's giving me now.

*Aoba:* □My head still hurts but other than that, I'm in my best state now.□  
*Mizuki:* □...□

Then, Mizuki's smile disappears. His eyes narrow as he looks at me, as if analyzing something in his head.

*Mizuki:* □...Aoba?□  
*Aoba:* □What is it?□

*Mizuki:* "You..."

*Aoba:* "I'm who I am."

As if trying to keep my words short, I stop there. Perhaps Mizuki has noticed the difference. Just like how I noticed his difference.

Mizuki lifts his eyebrow, looking slightly surprised. Then he gives out a small smile again.

*Mizuki:* "I thought so. Now you're a member of Morphine."

What's important to Mizuki isn't how much I've changed. It's the fact that I've joined the same team as him.

Then it doesn't matter how or what I've become after all. As long as the fact that I'm now a member of Morphine remains unchanged.

This has become a dream-come-true for Mizuki.

I slowly stand from my bed, then walk towards Mizuki before I scrutinize him on the face.

*Aoba:* "That's right. I'm a part of your team now. Happy?"

*Mizuki:* "Of course. Even when I've tried to ask you to join, you have never agreed to it, after all."

*Aoba:* "Who cares about what happened before? I've joined now."

*Mizuki:* "You're right. I've always wanted you to be our mate. One that truly belongs to the team."

Mizuki slings a hand around my back.

*Mizuki:* "Let's have each other back from now on, Aoba."

*Aoba:* "Yeah sure. I'm looking forward to everything."

*Mizuki:* "...Yeah."

The smile that we give each other when our eyes meet is one that spell of nothing but mischievousness, just like that time.

I don't know what exactly does Morphine do. But anyway, I'm not interested in what it is either. All I care about is how much I can enjoy myself here. That's all.

Anyway, I thought it would be pretty interesting from now on.

Because the place I'm in now is no longer the Old Resident District.

This place is...

Inside Platinum Jail.

... That time.

I swallowed "Reason" and broke out of Mizuki's Scrap.

I grabbed Granny's hand, who was being held hostage by Mizuki, and dragged her together with me towards the black-colored van.

At first, Granny only showed me a face that portrayed of nothing but confusion.

Then, the moment she saw how the Morphine members were obeying to every instruction I gave them, she suddenly come to understand what was happening.

She obediently sat at the backseat of the van, remaining silent all the time.

Unable to believe what I was doing to Granny and how I had instructed the Morphine members, Koujaku, Clear and Mink who had followed me here gave out a

look of shock.

I still feel weird remembering the face they'd showed me.

They ran after me but before they could reach me, Morphine- Dry Juice's members blocked their way.

Normally they would've settled the Dry Juice members easily.

But, I guess they were too shocked seeing my actions, hence obstructing their battle instinct.

In the end, we left the place without witnessing how the fight went on.

In the car, Granny said nothing to me. She held her hands in fists, placing them on her knees. Her face contorted in both sorrow and hopelessness, all the time has her head lowered as she fixed her gaze on her legs.

Mizuki, who was scrapped halfway, was unconscious at that time. And then, I felt a light headache.

Perhaps it was because of that that the air in the car was so quiet.

Silently, as the car continued moving, I started to lose my consciousness as well.

I just switched with [Reason], I guessed my mental state was still unstable then.

But before I completely fell back into darkness, I heard it - the small whisper by my ear.

Tae: [...Have you lost to yourself?... Aoba.]

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([REDACTED] DRAMAtical Murder re:code [REDACTED] [REDACTED])